

WHERE A MAN'S A MAN

Contributed article in the Nebraska Farmer giving information regarding Sandhill Country

In the Nebraska Farmer of October 14, is an article contributed by Mr. W. H. Campbell of Merrick county that will interest many readers of this paper. It is a story of a visit to Cherry county, but the description of the country and people applies to many other counties in the Nebraska ranch country. We reproduce the article entire, as follows:

Cherry county is the source of the everflowing Loups, the most constant streams in the world for water power. Out of numerous lakes pours this never-failing flow, which, if harnessed for electric power, would light and heat every home and turn every wheel of every factory needed to make all the goods and machinery used in the state.

Cherry county is the county of big ranches and long distances. One man told me he traveled 136 miles to deliver ballots after election; he traveled twenty miles by team and 116 miles by rail and he delivered six ballots. Another man rode fifty-five miles on a horseback and then sixty miles on a train to Valentine to perform a like duty. If a man living in the southwest corner of the county followed section lines he would travel 130 miles to reach the county seat, Valentine.

The proposition to divide the county will be voted upon at the coming election. While that is a prairie country, there will no doubt be some "log rolling" this fall on that proposition. Valentine will be the county seat of a very diminutive territory if the division carries. She has been mistress of an area half as large as Holland, and if the county is divided will be reduced to one-sixth of her present size. Her county will still be called Cherry.

This land of the cattle kings and the Kinkaiders is a treasure house of story and romance. Word goes out that a large, new barn has been built, and hardly have the evening shadows fallen over the grassy hills before flashing searchlights sweeping here and there indicate the swift approach of automobiles, all in some mysterious way reaching this scene of pleasure and activity. Spectral horsemen swing around the bend and alight with a jingle of spur and a hearty hello. Girls and boys ride horseback with equal grace and ease. Buggies arrive and wagons containing the whole family drive in and prepare to stay until the morning.

The great now is alight with swinging lanterns, the floor is sprinkled with wax and is soon ready for the musicians. The improvised seats around the wall are filled with a happy, chatting people, each apparently

acquainted with the other.

Talented People Live There

A master hand strikes the keys of the piano, and I inquired who he was that played with such wonderful skill.

"Oh, that is Tschander."

"Well, but who is Tschander?" I persisted.

"He is just Tschander, although they say he is a graduate of the Berlin conservatory of music, and also a graduate of an American institution." His playing was truly great.

"And the violinist," I inquired; "I see he is playing the very latest music of the east."

"Yes, and he is playing on a \$175 home-made violin," was the reply. "He played three years in the Orpheum theater in Lincoln. He surely is some artist with the fiddle."

Then as the whole orchestra burst forth I looked beyond these men and saw only one other player.

"Who is that combination of wonders?" I again asked, as I listened to the cornet, drums and other instruments flooding the room with melody.

"That is our local editor," was the answer. "Yes, he is all right when he has a chance."

"Do you have many such freaks up here?" was my injudicious inquiry.

"Freaks," he exclaimed indignantly; "these are not freaks. The hills are full of these people. Our neighbor, Mrs. Woods, is a graduate of the Boston conservatory of music. Ben Deets is the best solo cornetist in the state. John Kudrna organized the first Philippine military band, and the son of Tschander is in grand opera in Chicago." And my informant turned away as if to dismiss the subject as too commonplace.

A General Good Time

I looked out on the floor. Thirty-two couples followed the rhythm of the music, while half a hundred men, women and children chatted and enjoyed this coming together. I turned to the host as the whirl of arriving autos sounded from time to time, and asked how many would be there.

"They come from quite a ways," he answered. "That young man lives 35 miles south and the other in a palm beach suit lives 25 miles northwest."

I looked on in wonder, struck by the very natural and common way in which all enjoyed the occasion. Neither snobbishness nor rowdiness appeared at any time. They were all ladies and gentlemen. At the midnight luncheon I was told there were thirty-one autos and 150 people present at this gathering in the midst of the sand hills, in the edge of Cherry county.

This great pasture land is now in the formative, or transformative period. A stranger cannot tell which is the son of a Kinkaid and which is the son of a rancher with twenty sections of land. They ride in side by side, dress very much the same, and are received by hosts and friends without distinction. Every one who

behaves himself is a gentleman. That is the verdict of society there.

Small ranches and dairy farms will be the future of this great land of nutritious grass and fertile valleys. One little boy on his way out to his uncle's ranch exclaimed after a long silence: "I know what this country needs; it needs people." And he was right. It needs people, and livestock cattle and milch cows, and they are coming.

ACTED GOOD SAMARITAN

But the kindness of the So. St. Joe stock yards man not understood by inebriated Missourian

From St. Joseph Stock Yards Journal: "Believe me, I'm not doing any Good Samaritan stunts any more when I'm motoring thru the country, said a certain stock yards man to a small group gathered in the lobby of the Exchange building. "I tried it and found it doesn't pay," continued the speaker. "It was this way: A friend and I started to motor down to Nettleton, Mo., a few days ago. A little ways out of St. Joseph we ran into wet weather and bad roads but a little of Ford kept chugging right ahead. Nearing Excelsior Springs we noticed, alongside the roadway, the remains of a wrecked buggy. We passed on but my conscience hurt so about a half mile on I turned round and started back to investigate. When we arrived on the scene of the accident we found the faithful old horse standing crosswise in the shafts with only remnants of the harness on him, and the two back wheels of the buggy reduced to kindling. Searching further—it was dark as black cats—we found a man lying face down in the mud and water. One glance told us that he had had a mix-up with John Barleycorn before the accident. We raised him up. "Are you hurt much?" I asked. "You didn't hit me fair," the fellow angrily declared. "Hit you," I countered. "Who hit you?" "W'y you did, blast you. You didn't honk yer horn, the man declared. We didn't want to be arrested and halted before some cross roads justice of the peace so we clambered into our car and hiked to Excelsior Springs, leaving the inebriated one setting by the wayside. Some motorist had hit his buggy, that was plain enough, but we didn't care to hang round and be accused of the crime. I'm off this Good Samaritan stuff from now on."

Color Reactions

"Colors affect the emotions. A red dog makes a bull mad. Pink makes people affectionate."

"Something in that. Long green has a similar effect upon my wife."

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Reliable Statistics Show

That, on an average, only five men in a hundred make a financial success in this life and carry it thru to the end. Only 4.3 per cent leave an estate of from \$300 to \$1,000 when they die; only 1.5 per cent leave more than \$25,000; and only 1.3 per cent leave an estate of from \$5,000 to \$10,000. In other words, 97 men out of every 100 fail to leave an estate of more than \$1,000, and more than 90 out of 100 leave no estate or less than \$300. These figures are startling, but as they are furnished by the best statistics in the United States, they must be true.

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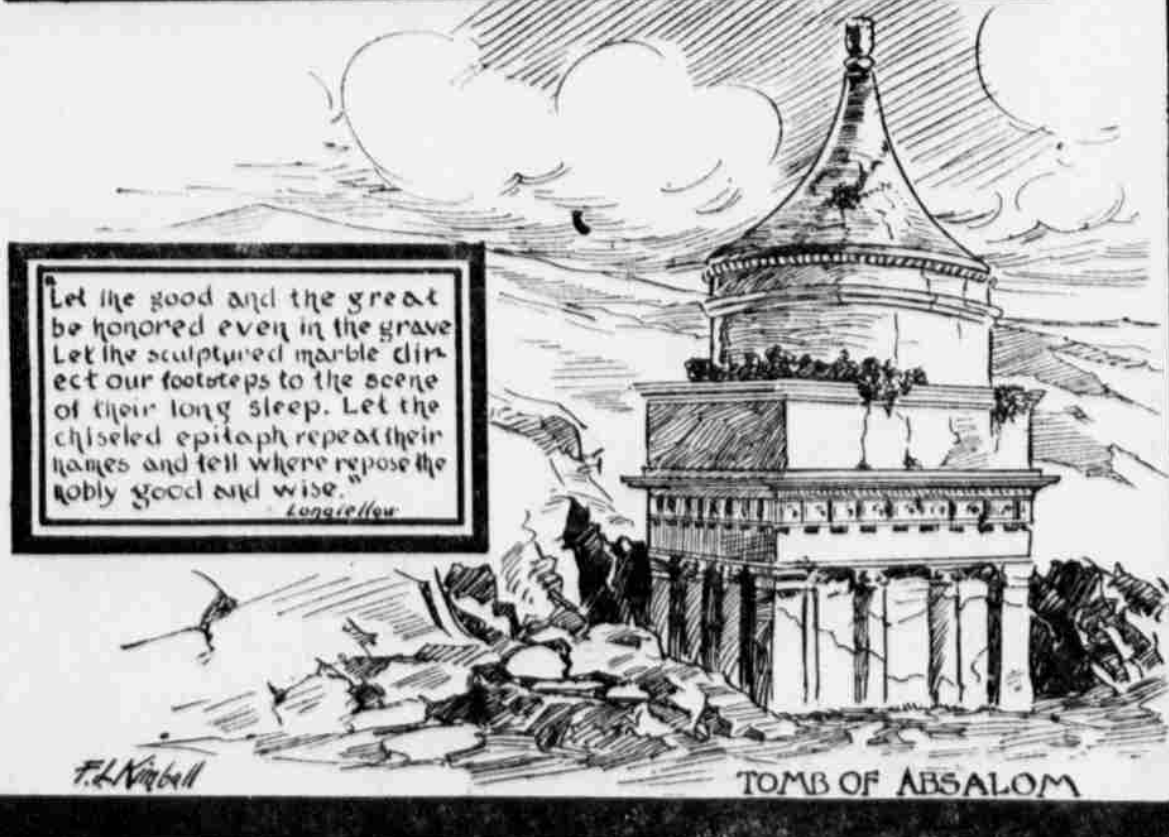
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